

An ELEGY from Holland,
 Upon the Death of that most Incom-
 parable Princess, *MARY Queen*
of England, &c.

By a Professor of the University of Utrecht.

Done into English.

BRITAIN lament, indulge thy greatest Grief,
 Excess of Sorrow proves its best Relief.
 Thy just Resentments *Holland* too express,
 Thy Hair dishevel'd, Mournful be thy Dress,
 Divine *Maria's* Shade demands no less.
 That beauteous *QUEEN*, by all the World admir'd,
 Who Thee, and *England* with one Warmth inspir'd;
 Since by pale Death her Glories ravish'd are,
 Provokes you both to Sorrow and Despair.
 Those Nations whom before one League did join,
 Must now Confederates in Grief combine.

What Majesty her Looks, yet Sweetness wore!
 The Queen behind, the Goddess march'd before:
 A Prize so beauteous *Ida* ne'er did see,
 Tho' *Paris* there beheld the Charming Three.
 Nor cou'd the *Spartan* Fair those Graces boast,
 Whose fatal Glances *Priam's* Kingdom lost.

Arise, O Beautiful *Maria*, Rise,
 And with new Honours gild th' admiring Skies:
 And while, new Glories do surround thy head,
 On Stars, thy self a Brighter, proudly tread:
 With Beams indulgent on these Nations shine.
Juno to Thee will willingly resign.
 How sure and sudden Fate directs the Blow!
 But this it learnt from *Marie's* Eyes below.

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Batavia Mærens.

In Obitum Illustrissimæ PRINCIPIS
MARIÆ, Magn. Brit. Franc. &
 Hib. Reginae Serenissimæ.

Flete Angli, plenoque remittite fræna Dolori,
 Solamen luctus Maximus ipse sibi est.
 Tu quoque Marcentes, tu Belgiâ solve capillos,
 En jubet Auriacæ magna ruina domus.
 Quæ modo per Belgas, Britonumque irvecta per urbes
 Lætificum sparfit pulchra Maria diem;
 Ambobus nunc rapta dabit certamina luctus,
 Et Communis erit terræ utriusque dolor.
 Quas uno conjunxit amor modo sædere gentes,
 Nunc alio nexu junget, & ipse dolor.
 Quam Frontis divinus honos! Quæ forma Genarum!
 Corporis atque animi grætiâ quantâ fuit!
 Nec talem dedit Ida Deam, non ipsa Lacæna
 Talis erat, divis pulchior illa licet.
 At nunc, Cura Poli, Gaudentia Sydera cæcas,
 Quæ tantæ exultant pondere Læta Dea,
 Exorere ergo, tuisque Novo splendore resulge,
 Quæque voles Cæli parte Micare, Mica:
 Ut Certos nimis & Subitos Mors dirigit ictus!
 A Formâ hoc poterat sed didicisse Tuâ.

Cornelius Dankerman;

Antecessor Juris Ultra-jectinus.

Thus rendred into English: